

# THE PUNTA GORDA HERALD.

VOLUME X.

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NO. 41

## PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

**HOWARD J. SPENCE,**  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW  
PUNTA GORDA, - FLORIDA

**ISAAC H. TRABUE,**  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW  
PUNTA GORDA, - FLORIDA

**JOHN H. HANCOCK,**  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW  
FT. OGDEN, - FLORIDA.

**W. H. BURLAND, M. D.,**  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,  
PUNTA GORDA, - FLORIDA.

**D. N. McQUEEN,**  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,  
Offers his professional services to the people of  
Punta Gorda and vicinity.  
Office: Gilchrist Block, upstairs.

**DR. G. M. VINCENT**  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,  
Offers his professional services to the people of  
Punta Gorda and vicinity.  
OFFICE OVER ROBERTS' DRUG STORE.  
Phone-Residence 6

**PIONEER BARBER SHOP**  
J. RASCH, PROPRIETOR,  
NEXT DOOR TO POST OFFICE.  
PUNTA GORDA, - FLORIDA.

**WILLIAM CROUCH,**  
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REAL ESTATE AND RENTAL  
AGENCY. TOWN LOTS AND IM-  
PROVED PROPERTY A SPECIALTY.  
TAXES PAID FOR NON-RESIDENTS.

**CITY BAKERY,**  
PUNTA GORDA, FLA.  
H. W. SMITH, PROP.  
Fresh Bread, Cakes and Pies Baked  
Daily. Large Stock  
Furthest Confectioneries and Fruits  
FREE CITY DELIVERY

**E. M. WILLIAMS,**  
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Hotel Punta Gorda.

**PUNTA GORDA, - FLORIDA.**

**Geo. T. Brown & Co.**  
— WHOLESALE —

**FISH AND OYSTER**  
DEALERS  
Punta Gorda, - - - Florida.

**KIDNEY CURE.**  
There is no disease so insinuating, so slow but sure, as kidney disease, or so wide-spread. The symptoms are so slight as to generally escape notice.  
The first indications appear in the urine, with varied effects. The quantity may be increased or decreased; it is likely to be highly colored and scalding; it may be pale or thin, or thick and milky with a sediment. Later on more pronounced symptoms will be present, such as dizziness, bloating, etc., with marked bladder and urinary disorders.  
Poisonous waste matter is collected by the blood from all parts of the system and carried to the kidneys, where it is separated and cast out through the urine. The kidneys, then, with the blood only, derive nourishment therefrom. Hence, if the blood is bad the kidneys are not only overworked, but underfed. How necessary is it, therefore, that the purity and vitality of the blood should be maintained. It is plain why the great blood purifier and strengthener—Dr. Carter's Iron Tonic—has been successfully used in treating kidney diseases and in preventing same. In purifying the blood the kidneys are greatly relieved, while, at the same time, new strength and vitality are given these organs. The following letter tells a very old story:  
PINE KNOT, KY., June 25, 1902.  
The Dr. Carter Medicine Co., Dayton, O.  
GENTLEMEN: I had a severe case of typhoid fever six years ago, which left my kidneys in bad order. I have tried a number of remedies and taken treatment from doctors, but Dr. Carter's Iron Tonic has done me more good than anything else. C. CONNOR.  
Merchant and Mine Operator.

There are thousands of just such cases as the above that are treated without results because they are wrongly treated. Mr. Cordell's condition resulted from an exhausted liver; the kidneys, as well as the rest of the system, had been wasted by disease. No wonder Dr. Carter's Iron Tonic promptly cured, because it purified and enriched the blood, and such blood carried new strength and vitality directly to the kidneys and to all the organs.  
FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

**W. A. Roberts, Druggist,**  
PUNTA GORDA, FLA.



WHEN THE DOCTOR PRESCRIBES he expects that his prescription will be filled with

**Pure Drugs.**  
Naturally he expects they will be filled here. Our  
**Prescription Department**  
has become famous. The quality of the drugs, the accuracy of the compounding and the promptness in filling orders are points which have gained for us the approbation of the public.  
**Moderate Prices**

**J. E. McINTOSH,**  
— DEALER IN —  
**Fish and Oysters,**  
CLAMS AND PRODUCE...  
PUNTA GORDA, FLA.  
Out-of-town Orders Given Prompt Attention.

**For the Best,**  
Cool Drinks,  
Confectioneries,  
Ice Cream,  
Fruits,  
Cigars and Tobaccos,  
**J. B. COX'S.**  
GO TO

**The China Store**  
Has just received a varied and elegant assortment of New Styles in  
**CHINA, GLASSWARE and NOTIONS,**  
and is offering the same at the lowest prices.  
Call and see the New Goods.

**FENCE POSTS**  
THOUSANDS OF THEM  
Delivered promptly, anywhere wanted.  
Special Prices on Car-Load Lots, Also,  
**BEACH SHELL**  
— BY THE CAR LOAD —  
AT THE LOWEST PRICES.  
**J. H. VINING,**  
PUNTA GORDA, - FLORIDA.

**SEE**  
Most Complete  
LINE IN  
South Florida.  
BEAUTIFUL  
SIDEBOARDS  
CHIFFONNIERS  
AND  
Cheval Dressers  
**JUST IN.**  
**HANDSOMEST**  
LINE OF  
**ROCKERS**  
In The State.  
**WE HAVE EVERYTHING.**  
**A. C. FREEMAN,**  
Furniture and Hardware.

**Due Notice Given.**  
To WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:  
Any person selling or trading with Mrs. Alberta Becom is hereby notified that I will not be responsible for her debts after this date. W. M. Becom.  
Punta Gorda, Fla.,  
40-41 Oct. 6, 1902.

Attention, DeSoto Camp of Confederate Veterans!  
You are requested to meet at the court house in Arcadia on Wednesday, the 29th day of October, 1902, at 10 a. m., for the purpose of reorganizing and perfecting plans for our attendance at the state reunion which meets in Tampa early in November.  
A full attendance is earnestly requested. By order of  
F. M. COOPER, J. W. WHIDDEN,  
Adjutant, Commander.

**Punta Gorda Ice & Power Company,**  
C. G. DAVIS, PRES. and GEN'L. MGR  
**Punta Gorda, Florida.**  
\* Manufacturers of \*  
**PURE ICE**  
\* and \*  
**Distilled Water**  
\* Daily Capacity \*  
**25 TONS ICE.**

**SEASONED**  
Stove wood, House Blocks and Fence Posts, Delivered on short Notice.  
**HEAVY HAULING A SPECIALTY.**  
Soda Water and Extracts to Order.

**CLAYTON PORTER,**  
Punta Gorda, Florida.

**R. S. WINDHAM & CO.,**  
Successors to Z. H. Curry.  
**PUNTA GORDA, - FLORIDA.**  
WHOLESALE DEALERS AND SHIPPERS OF...

**Fancy Gulf Coast Oysters.**  
ORDERS PROMPTLY AND CAREFULLY FILLED.

**Satisfaction Guaranteed**

**FOR SALE.**  
Timber, Prairie, Orange, Vegetable and Pineapple lands and Town Lots, for sale by  
**ALBERT W. GILCHRIST,**  
Insurance, Tax Agent, Real Estate.  
PUNTA GORDA, - FLORIDA.

**NEW ORLEANS MARKET**

**Again Open to the Merchants of Punta Gorda and Vicinity.**  
Shipments can now be made from New Orleans via Southern Pacific Co. to Galveston, Mallory line to Key West and Sehn, "Silver Spray" to Punta Gorda at the following through rates:

Class - 1 2 3 4 5 6  
Per 100 lbs. \$1.45 1.30 1.25 1.00 .90 .75

The Sub. "SILVER SPRAY" is now making weekly trips, weather permitting. Punta Gorda to Key West and return, making close connections at Key West with all transportation lines touching at that point.

Shipments from Eastern points should be made via Mallory line to Key West, marked care of Sub. "SILVER SPRAY," to ensure the cheapest freight rates offered into this territory.

For further information, address,  
**A. F. DOWEY,**  
PUNTA GORDA, FLA.

**BANNER SALVE,**  
the most healing salve in the world.

**WONDERFUL POSSIBILITIES**  
An Inexhaustible Natural Supply of Limitless Horse Power.

After seeing the great artesian wells of the Consolidated Company spouting up tons of water twelve to fifteen feet high, Col. Isaac H. Trabue has become convinced that an immense power house, so to speak, of inexhaustible capacity underlies all Punta Gorda, and that all a man need do is to sink an 8-inch pipe about 410 feet and he at once becomes possessed of a 35-horse power. If he will put down two wells, he has 70-horse power; three will give him 105-horse power, and so on.

According to this, we have a natural, a wonderful reservoir of force, an inexhaustible and absolutely reliable water power capable of running all the mills, machines and factories in Florida. No danger of dams being washed away by floods—a power under absolute control and to be had almost for the asking.

Not the slightest probability of this prodigious pent-up subterranean force bursting off the superlying crust and flinging it into the sky and leaving Punta Gorda a vast Mount Pelée spouting an Amazon of water into the quaking empyrean. The crust is firm, over 400 feet thick, and will hold down the giant until the day of the world.

In Col. Trabue's opinion, this is the spot which capitalists should seek; here is where they may invest their money in the full confidence of getting a fair interest and no interruption by strikes or strikers. Storms even do strike here. Roses bloom, mocking birds sing and flash bite the year round. This is no joke; it is a fact.

Punta Gorda is the garden spot of creation. Col. Trabue believes this, and so does THE HERALD. In fact, every reputable citizen is of the same opinion, else we would all move away tomorrow.

As an evidence of our faith, every body is holding on like grim death to every inch of land he has. There are no town lots for sale, except a few which Gen. Gilchrist and Mr. Crouch are generously offering cheap to human sufferers who are hungering and thirsting to get to where they can breathe and live and be happy.

Horse power or no horse power, we are flourishing like a green bay tree. We have the finest beef in the United States, grown right here in DeSoto county. Col. W. T. Jamieson of Sanford says so, and he is a truthful man. And THE HERALD says so too, and its veracity is as spotless as our cloudless skies.

We have no dust. Fact. Nobody can kick up a dust here. And most of our mosquitoes have gone to Miami and West Palm Beach to stay and only a few are left. Truth is, any man with good eyes and a fair digestion can be happy here.

For 10 cents you can get more fish than nine grown men can eat at one meal. Our fishermen throw out their nets and take in a carload in the twinkling of an eye.

And you can raise turnip greens and tomatoes all through the winter within two feet of your back door steps. Watermelons likewise ripen for the Christmas feast, but most of us use home-caught venison and wild turkey on that occasion. The imported turkey costs 20c a pound; the wild one costs only a little walking and a load of shot and is 100% percent better than the imported article.

Then there are oranges and bananas, lemons and limes, guavas and mangoes, kumquats and loquats and pomelos, the incomparable and horrible custard apple, the Avocado pear and the paw-paw, and above all, that paragon of fruits, the pineapple that blooms and ripens and thrills our appetites the whole year round.

Nor should the exquisite strawberry be forgotten; it comes at Christmas and delights us till May. And sugar cane! In the words of Frank Stanton,

Turn, turn do come mill!  
Happy ex a claim—  
Sweet merlasses for yo' bread.  
En sugar for yo' dram!

Add to all this the prettiest bay you ever saw, the kindest and most generous people in the world and the glorious tarpon that dashes and flashes from the blue waters in silvery splendor upon the fascinated gaze of the electrified fisherman, and the stranger may be able to form some idea of the attractions of Punta Gorda.

When we look around and behold so many things combining to make life worth living, nay to make it a daily recurrence of varied delight, we are tempted to exclaim reverently in the immortal language of Col. Frank Harris of Ocala, "God bless the Lord for making this land!"

Postmaster Mizell and party, who spent several days last week in the woods, killed four deer and one snake.

**THE LATE WILLIAM MARSHALL.**  
Tribute Adopted by the Winnebago County, Illinois, Bar.

The morning session of the Winnebago County Circuit Court at Rockford, Illinois, October 8, 1902, was devoted to memorial services in honor of the late William Marshall. Nearly every member of the Bar of Winnebago County was present to join in this tribute.

Speeches of eulogy were delivered by Hon. Robert Row, Hon. A. D. Early, Judge A. H. Frost, and E. P. Lathrop, C. W. Ferguson and G. A. Hyer, leading members of the Bar. As one of the speakers said afterward, the words of praise spoken came from the heart and the speeches were no mere form of words.

A memorial presented by a committee appointed for that purpose was ordered entered on the records of the circuit court. A certified copy has been received by the family here from the clerk of the court. The memorial resolution follows:

**In Memoriam.**  
William Marshall served his country faithfully, as a soldier during the Civil war. From 1869 until the day of his decease, April 25, 1902, he was a member of the Winnebago County Bar, and during that time he served the interests of his clients honestly, ably and successfully. He had a keen appreciation of the principles of law, and was a thoughtful student. He was, in a marked degree, unselfishly ready to assist the younger members of the bar. As an officer of this court he was always honorable. He believed in the duties of citizenship, and emphasized that belief by giving of his time and strength to the advancement of his city, county, state and country. His private life was without a stain. His influence and example have left an imprint upon this Bar and community which will be long felt.

A. TAGGART,  
A. D. EARLY,  
WM. LATHROP.

**LIST OF JURORS.**  
To Serve at Fall Term of Circuit Court Which Convenes at Arcadia, Oct. 28.

The following are the names of the jurors drawn to serve on the grand and petit jury at the fall term of circuit court, which convenes in Arcadia on the 28th inst:  
W. F. Whidden, M. B. Hill,  
J. A. Hayman, J. J. Altman,  
Geo. Edmondson, Alderman Carlton,  
Daniel Coker, Jr., W. B. Sparring,  
A. J. Stewart, J. W. Bullock,  
W. T. Brewer, J. K. Pollard,  
W. G. Crouch, C. M. Denham,  
Wm. Bodford, M. T. Howell,  
Clark Brown, J. M. Brewer,  
J. F. Thigpen, B. F. Baldwin,  
Little Bryan, J. C. Bettes,  
J. A. Waldron, E. R. Watson,  
James Carlton, Edgar Carlton,  
R. B. Campbell, R. D. Moore,  
S. A. Carlton, L. D. Dupree.

**CAN'T KEEP FLORIDA DOWN.**  
Investors of Capital Realize and Take Advantage of Splendid Opportunities.

The advantages that Florida holds out to investors of capital are being fully realized and taken advantage of. Not a daily paper is issued in the state but records investments of large amounts of capital in different enterprises. This, says the Eustis Lake Region, is a good sign of prosperity, which is natural, considering the many advantages the state has. The enterprise displayed is much more substantial than that displayed before the big freeze. It is more diversified, it is built upon a more solid foundation. There are no hidden wrecks in this ship that is being built. Freezes may come and go but Florida's prosperity will go on forever. You just can't keep her down.

**He Meant Well.**

I was laid up in the cabin of a North Carolina mountaineer with a sprained ankle, and though he would willingly have provided me with the best, the fare consisted of pones, fried squirrel and corn coffee every meal. On the fifth day I must have let slip some sign that things were growing monotonous, for he looked over at me and said:

"Stranger, I reckoned to make a change in this yere fodder, but it didn't come about."

"Oh, the fodder is all right," I replied.

"But I don't skassly think it is, and I was gwine to make a change. Sorry to say I couldn't do it, but the dratted woodchuck got clean away!"

**She Made Herself Understood.**

She was young and innocent looking and coy and shy, and the half dozen men among the passengers on a Chicago street car the other day caught themselves looking at her more than once and almost wishing they had such a daughter. Presently another girl got in, and the two exchanged exclamations of surprise. Two minutes later the last comer was saying loud enough to be heard all over the car:

"Dear me, Madge, but your new hat is a stunner!"

"Yes! Do you like it?"

"It's perfectly splendid. It must have cost at least \$5."

"Five dollars!" echoed the coy and shy and innocent. "Why, my old 'gav' coughed up fourteen bones for this hat, and we got \$5 off at that!"

**WILL SPEAK HERE TOMORROW**

**Hon. S. M. Sparkman and Possibly Senator S. R. Mallory.**

Congressman Sparkman will speak here to-morrow. Senator Stephen R. Mallory is making speeches over the State and it is likely that he will be with Mr. Sparkman and also treat our people to a speech.

Every one who feels an interest in national affairs should come out and hear these distinguished gentlemen. During their service in Washington, Florida has received greater benefits from the general government than ever before in her history, and this alone should insure Messrs. Sparkman and Mallory an enthusiastic reception.

Punta Gorda is becoming greatly interested in the matter of deep water and our congressional representatives will undoubtedly be glad to do all they care for us in this behalf; and to this end we should go out and hear these speakers and give them our most cordial moral support.

Mr. Sparkman is well known to most of our old citizens and they will assuredly be glad to meet and hear him. Senator Mallory is recognized as an able man. He is well posted in national affairs and can be depended on to make a most interesting speech.

Let no one fail to hear these two brilliant speakers.

**COLLINS MAY DIE SOON.**

Ex-State Treasurer C. B. Collins Very Low With Consumption

The Plant City Courier says: Hon. C. B. Collins, ex-State Treasurer, now residing near Dunedin, this county, is reported to be in the last stages of consumption. The many friends and acquaintances of that brilliant writer will be grieved to learn the above news. We understand that Mr. Collins has suffered many privations and hardships in his declining days.

The estate of Mrs. Ida M. Flagler, former wife of Henry M. Flagler, is valued at \$2,209,613.13, a fact which the newspapers are giving with the apparent intention of showing that the divorce left her in good financial condition.

The Tallahassee Capital reports that Hon. Frank Clark is tired of Oklahoma and will return to Florida and locate in Lake City. That is what all of them do—they all come back if they can. No country like Florida.

The Kissimmee Gazette of the 26th ult. gives a blood curdling account of the disappearance of its famous River Ghost and inclines to the belief that that dreadful goblin has transferred its habitat to this locality. The apparition seen by two gentlemen in this vicinity several weeks ago strengthens the Gazette in its opinion; but the fact that the Punta Gorda goblin operates on land instead of water, militates against the idea of its being identical with the Kissimmee horror.

Eustis Lake Region: We would think that Editor Jordan, of the PUNTA GORDA HERALD, and Editor Van Agnew, of the Kissimmee Valley-Gazette, could find something more substantial to write about in a land of sunshine and enterprise than relating ghost stories to one another through the columns of their papers. We guess though they are like the boy whose mother had worn one end of the broom out on him and changing the other end the little fellow looked up and said, "That's right, ma, anything for a change."

**THE SCOOP FIEND**

By J. O. WHITEMORE

Copyright, 1901, by J. O. Whitemore

The Morning Blazer was about to go to press. The linotypes were clicking frantically on the last takes, the foreman was dancing about the last form, and from below floated the babel of the newsboys' room and the rattle of the delivery wagons in the alley. The last reporter had struggled out, and none of the brain of the paper was on hand except Gilroy.

Gilroy was the night editor, and he was anything but at peace in his mind. "A bum rag this morning—a bum rag! Nothing but rot and rot—not a line of hot stuff! But there's nothing doing—nothing!"

Gilroy had worked hard and worked his men harder to get out a creditable sheet, but the results were disappointing. He was viciously jabbing the cockroaches upon his grating desk with his shears when some one gently nudged his elbow. He wheeled around and faced a strange figure, a face drawn and haggard with a pallor which brought a muttered "Dope cater!" from the editor—a form attenuated, clad in seedy and shining black, with a minis-

terial coat tightly buttoned at the throat; shifting eyes beneath an old slouch hat. It looked like a clear case of "tough," and Gilroy was bracing himself for it.

The man, with trembling hands, drew from an inner pocket several sheets of manuscript, and as he smoothed them carefully he spoke in nervous, hurried tones, with a tense undercurrent of anxiety:

"It's a scoop, sir—upon honor, a dead scoop! Police don't know it. No one knows it but myself—I mean—er. Give me a V, and it's yours—exclusive. Only a V, sir; worth double, sir."

Gilroy's eyes were running down the lines at lightning speed as with the practice of years he absorbed the story. It was admirably written in an odd, but legible hand, with all the earmarks of an old reporter's copy. The story was of a murder which had been committed but an hour before in an alley directly in the rear of police headquarters. A watchman had been found with his throat cut from ear to ear. The dead man Gilroy knew to be an ineffective Swede without an enemy in the world. The watchman's keys, money and watch were left upon his person, which left the motive to be explained.

For once in his life Gilroy was in doubt. It was to overthrow all the newspaper saints from their altars to take a story under these conditions. It might be a fake pure and simple, or it might be the greatest scoop which the Blazer ever printed. All this time the dead man was keeping up his plaintive pleading for "A V, sir; only a V, and it's the chance of a lifetime, sir."

"It's just a gamble, but here goes," muttered Gilroy as he carved the copy into infinitesimal tablets and yelled to the foreman:

"Make a hole for this stuff—kill anything—everything—it's got to go!" Then turning to the stranger:

"Here's your V. If this is wrong, I'll hunt you to the ends of the earth and shoot you on sight!" and Gilroy spoke as if he would do it.

With a feverish clutch the man reached for the banknote and melted into the gloom of the outer office.

With the first grumble of the telephone, came a spiteful ring of the telephone. It was Somerby, the cub reporter, who was an independent as he chose to call himself, a looking for a chance to distinguish himself.

Somerby said, "Police have just found body of murdered man in the asphalt alley!"

"Thank God!" fervently ejaculated Gilroy.

"Eh! What's that you say?"

"Get it—buy a paper and go home and read it—get some sleep and see if you can't get some news."

And Somerby hung up the receiver in a hotel half a mile away and brushed away something like a tear of disappointment, for his chance to distinguish himself had not yet come.

It was the scoop of the town.

The Blazer with its voracious headlines leered at the sergeant before his men had come in. A wandering night-hawk had found the body, and a dead man had gone for it. He rang up the Blazer office to know about it, but a newspaper office after the last form is down is like the echoing tomb. He sent a plain clothes man around to see about it. Gilroy had gone. Where was he? "Rested up," was the answer. Two hours later the night editor was pulled from his bed to explain. "Space writer brought it in. Don't know him. Never saw him before. Story was all right, wasn't it?"

"Well, what in the blankety-blank are you up here pulling me out of bed for?" And that was all he could get out of Gilroy.

It was on a morning nearly two months after the big scoop.

The Blazer promised to be frosty again. Gilroy was muttering, "Wish that scoop fiend would show up again with something as hot as that last screech of his."

As if in answer to his wish, the mysterious individual glided in, more wan, more seedy and more wild eyed than before. He had another good scoop.

"For a V, sir; only a V."

This time it was a yachting accident which had happened at a nearby summer resort. Ten people were drowned, all well known. It was a terrible catastrophe, with news in every line. Gilroy fairly danced when he saw it. He pulled out the V and another dollar with it. He walked home on air that morning, singing praises of the scoop fiend and his own good judgment.

When he awoke from peaceful slumbers and languidly reached for the noon edition of a rival sheet which had flown in over the tramway, to his astonishment, dismay and almost nausea he read an array of biting sarcasms to the effect that the yachting accident story "published in a morning paper" was a fearful, cold blooded fake; not a line of truth in it. The people alleged to have been drowned were all alive and well. The yacht which was said to have gone down with all on board was not even in commission.

Gilroy wrestled with his emotions for some time before he had the courage to go out and look the world in the face.

About a month afterward Gilroy found upon his desk a manuscript from the "scoop fiend." Upon the outside was scribbled: "This is all right. Yours without the V."

Gilroy read the story. It was an account of a suicide, of the rash deed of an unknown man who had jumped headlong from the Eagle building, ten stories to the street, at 2:30 that same morning, and it was then hardly 1 o'clock.

Gilroy pitched the manuscript into a bottom drawer, and it was soon far from his thoughts. He was not the man to be caught twice by some crazy hobo, not he.

But in the rival sheet that noon he read:

Have you seen the new comet? This question in last week's paper must have been puzzling, as the writer tried to ask if you had seen the new comet.